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March 1914

THE



ARCHON

MARCH

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THE ARCHON

Published Monthly in the Interests of the
Students of Dummer Academy

Vol. 2, New Series

MARCH, 1914.

No. 4



"OLD SAYBROOK"

(Awarded first prize in this month's contest.)

Old Hawley sat on a rude, wooden bench in front of his cabin, whittling with a huge clasp-knife. The knife had a history—so had Hawley; as the knife was sharp—so was Hawley; as it was mean and murderous-looking—so was he. He was a big, powerful man in his late fifties, formerly a barge captain; and had often passed the mouth of

ugly stories followed his last few years of service. Barge owners and captains told many stories of his cruelty to barge men under him, but only among themselves. "Rat-Faced Hawley", as they had nicknamed him, was known along the sound as a bad man to deal with, drunk or sober.

On this peaceful summer after-



the Connecticut on his way east, coal-laden from Jersey ports.

After years of service with indifferent success, he had finally quit. His enemies said, from fear, "What has become of Old Hawley?" For

noon, as he looked down from the bluff, where his cabin rested like a bird's nest against the blue sky, he and his knife seemed at peace with the whole world,—the stick he was whittling, the only sufferer. He

could see the river rush into the arms of the Sound, its black-looking waters clasping hands with the bluish green of its mother ocean.

The smoke of a tow-boat, passing, with its line of barges, hung lazily in the air, while the white wings of the seagulls flashed to and fro in the sunshine, as they crossed the river-mouth and circled the lighthouse at the breakwater.

As summer drifted into fall, and fall into winter, nothing of importance happened to disturb the everyday life of Hawley. His usual daily trip to the village store and post-office in the morning, and his return to the cabin to sit on the bench, dreaming and whittling throughout the forenoon, were as regular as ever. His evenings he usually devoted to reading the "Marine News", which he received daily from New York.

On a particular afternoon in November, Hawley seemed troubled, for the night before he had read, in the Marine News, that the "square-



rigger", "Silverheels," had reached the port of New York after a three year cruise to the land of the "Southern Cross"; read also, that Jim Blake was still her master. Jim Blake! What a flood of memories his name recalled to Hawley! How well he remembered Jim Blake, the man he had hated and feared. He hated him in the early days because of his popularity with the Barge Company; for although Blake was a younger man, he, too, was a captain in those

days, and Hawley was jealous; and he feared him because of the night when, in a sudden fit of anger, he had shot Blake down in cold blood and left him for dead on the docks at Bayonne.

But Hawley did not flee, nor did Blake die. Kind hands cared for him until he was well, but he never told who had shot him, saying to himself and to others, "Some day, somewhere, I will settle with the man who shot me."

Blake left the Barge service for deep sea sailing, and through good luck and perseverance finally became a master of as fine a "square-rigger" as ever sailed.

Old Hawley stuck a year or two more to the Sound, but he was nervous—he wanted to get away—he had worked long and hard enough. So he finally disappeared from his old haunts and associates and the wide world swallowed him up completely.

Naught had he heard of "Jim Blake" or the "Silverheels" for many a day, until the notice in the "Marine News" the day before. But the letter he had written to the owner of the "Silverheels" a year or two previous asking her whereabouts:—what of that? Would it ever fall into Jim Blake's hands? To be sure,—he had not asked for a direct answer, as he did not sign his name, merely asking for a reply through the "Marine News." They had done so, and the reply was entirely satisfactory to Old Hawley. The "Silverheels" had gone on a three years cruise to Australia. Well, she might sink, or burn, or be wrecked, thought he, *but* she had returned, and Jim Blake was alive and well. "Bah!" thought Hawley, "how can he ever find me? I am getting to be an old woman, afraid of the dark!"

As December with its cold and

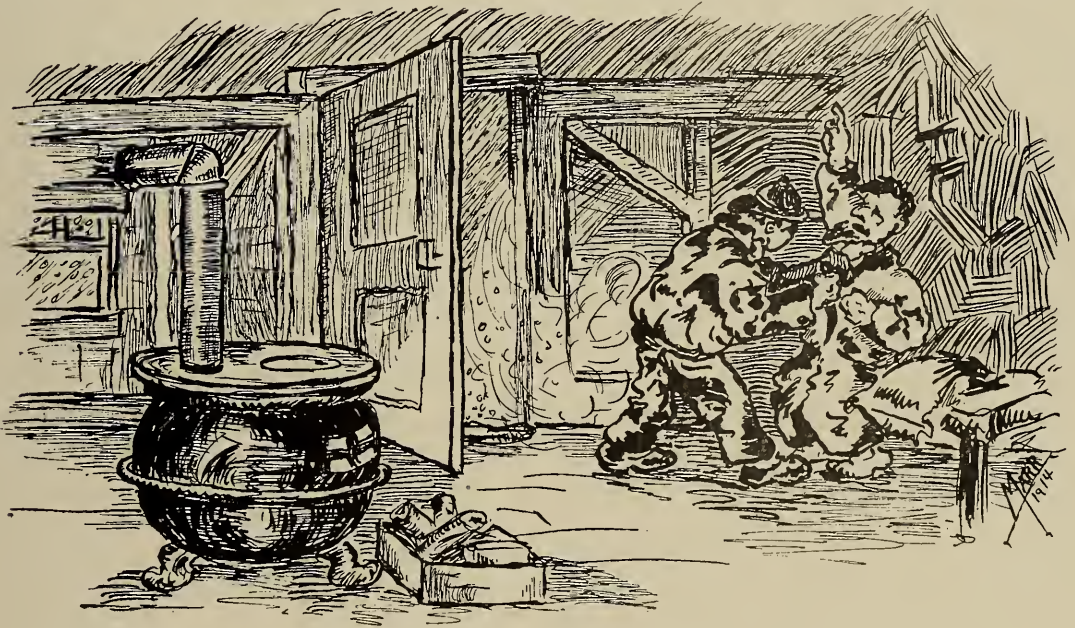
snow came, and the wild ducks of the far north mingled with the gulls in the Sound, Hawley's peace of mind was better. He slept longer in the morning, dozed by the warm stove in the afternoon, going to bed earlier as the days grew shorter.

The twenty-fourth of December saw a big storm blow up across the Sound, and by eight o'clock that night it was a raging blizzard. The boards creaked and snapped in the cabin floor, the glass rattled in the windows, and occasionally a particularly fierce gust of wind would drive the fine, powder-like snow through the cracks in the walls, to drift into the corners of the room, or fall hissing on the warm stove. All was snug within; Hawley slept deeply.

shape of a man! Suddenly he thought of his wicked friend—the big, bright knife!—It had never failed him before; why should it now? Where had he left it? He remembered now; he had stuck it into the door frame when he went to bed. He must get it! Arising, he started towards the door; but the other was quicker! With a bound he had Hawley by the throat. A short struggle,—a heavy blow,—and with a groan, Hawley sank to the floor.

The wind blew; and the door banged all the night through! And the snow came in the door and drifted to its heart's content about the cabin.

Two days later they found him; the village folk of Old Saybrook found him, half buried in the drifted



A sudden tug at the door,—a snap of its fastenings, and it closed again with a bang! Old Hawley, startled out of a sound sleep, sat upright on the bunk which served him for a bed. At first he could see nothing, but gradually, as his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, where the warm glow of the stove met with the deeper shadows, near the farther wall, he could make out the dim

snow on the cabin floor, on his back, with the handle of his old friend, the knife, protruding from his breast: for the blade had been driven through his heart. Under him, on the floor, worn, and with the address entirely destroyed, lay an envelope, its postmark alone remaining—Old Saybrook.

H. S. T.

THE COWARD

PART I.

On one sultry evening along in the latter part of July, Margaret Deland and her college chum, Helen Whiting, were sitting out on the side porch of The Mansion. Dusk was just beginning to settle down and close from their sight the valley which lay stretched out far below them. One could just make out the tall iron stacks of the tile plant, as they towered up above the low white-washed buildings. The glowing fires of the kilns seemed to be but specks of light in the distance; but every now and then bits of laughter and the loud talk of men around the kilns would float up to the porch, so still and hushed was everything. Just beyond the tile plant, to the right, was the only street in Drumond, along which was a scattered row of shacks,—they could hardly be called houses,—which made up the town itself.

Neither of the girls spoke for some minutes each being wrapt in her own thoughts and the scene spread out before her, which, in the settling darkness, had an almost weird appearance.

At length Margaret broke the silence. "I do hope we get a shower soon," she said, speaking almost as much to herself as to Helen. "It would cool things off wonderfully."

"I think very likely that we shall before morning; for several times I have noticed lightning flashes over there," Helen replied, pointing towards the mountains which stood like silent, but ever-watching sentinels, at the southern end of the valley. "My," she went on, "it hardly seems possible that I have been out here for over six weeks. Why, when I first came I did not imagine that I could possibly stay here at Drumond more than two or three weeks at the very most. It all seemed so strange

and wild out here among the mountains."

"Yes, I know just how you must have felt at first. It was the same way with me," Margaret said. "I came out the first year after father built The Mansion—I'd hate to think what it must have been before that—and I thought I would die of lonesomeness that year; but since then I've learned to love these old Pennsylvanian mountains with their wildness and silent grandeur."

There was another long silence, during which the twilight merged into dark, impenetrable night, which was pierced only by the fires of the kilns in the valley below. These fires and the occasional sound of laughter were the only things to indicate the presence of man in the valley, and indeed, it had not been so very long ago, when Mr. Deland had first come out to the then unsettled valley, and erected the tile plant which in turn had created the town.

"I am not exactly asking for advice," Helen spoke up after a bit, "but I want to know if you agree with me in this. We've never had any secrets Margaret, and that is why I am going to tell you the whole thing. Last night, Harvey told me that he was going away in two days—that is tomorrow—on a month's business trip for your father. I—I don't know just how we drifted to it, but I remember he was soon asking me to please just let him write to me while he was away. I hardly knew what to say, it came so suddenly, but I finally told him that I would have to think it over and that I would let him know before he left."

"Why you foolish girl, after all the time you've known Harvey Brooks and his folks, to hesitate about letting him write to you," said Margaret.

"Oh, it was not iust the asking to

write, but—but the way he asked it. I'm afraid the trouble is, Margaret, that I have known Harvey too long. Now if there is anything that I really do hate, it is a coward! And much as I regret having to say it, that is what Harvey is. This is not any quick conclusion, for I've known him for a long while. His father sent him out here as superintendent of the tile plant to "make a man" out of him, and as far as I can see he has not succeeded. So, that is why I am going to refuse him tomorrow. He must be a man and not a coward!"

"Well, it is always best to decide anything like that for one's self," spoke up Margaret; "but I think you will find that you have misjudged Harvey. Come, let's go in now and see if we can get him and the folks into a game of Five-Hundred."

"All right! I'm sorry if I have troubled you, but I just wanted to tell you about it," replied Helen, getting up and going into the house.

They found Mr. Deland and Harvey talking together in the library and Mrs. Deland sewing, and finally succeeded in gathering everyone around the table. The time passed pleasantly and quickly and, before they realized it, it was quite late. As they were breaking up Mr. Deland called Harvey aside.

"The pay-roll came in today, didn't it, Brooks," he asked.

"Yes," replied Harvey, "I brought the money up with me this noon, and put it in the old safe up in the den upstairs. You know you said that you did not like to leave so much money down at the office over night."

"That's right. Well, goodnight, Brooks," Mr. Deland replied, as he put out the light and started up the stairs.

When Harvey reached his room, on the lower floor, he did not go

right to bed, although he was rather tired. There were some letters which ought to be looked over before he left the following afternoon, and so he went over to his desk, and began to go through some of them. He had finished and was about to shut up the desk, when a letter lying in the bottom of one of the drawers caught his eye. He did not need to take it from the envelope to find out what letter it was. He knew every word and every line of it by heart. It was the one his father had written in answer to the first letter Harvey had written him from Drumond. How well he remembered that first letter he had written to his father,—one long outpouring about the miseries of Drumond, the wildness of the place and the thought expressed that it would kill him to stay there. Equally well he remembered his father's reply. It had been brief but to the point.

"We must all learn to do the things we dislike to, and above all, to *act the man!*" was all the letter had contained.

Harvey picked up the letter from where it lay, and sat holding it for some minutes. He was wondering if he had yet learned to "act the man"; and, as he wondered, his thoughts drifted back to the day when he knew himself for the first time. It had been in a football game—the last of the season—between his Alma Mater and her great rival college. The score stood 6—6 with only a few minutes to play, and his opponents had the ball. All of a sudden, he saw the little quarterback of the opposing team dash through the crowd of players, and start down the field towards the desired goal, with the ball tucked securely beneath his arm. Harvey was the only man between him and the goal! Nearer and nearer, the rushing figure came, until he was almost on him; and still

Harvey did not move. A tense silence pervaded the packed stands for an instant, and then a groan went up for the man had dashed by and was clear. It had been done by a seemingly very clever dodge and his comrades did not blame him, but Harvey himself knew that he had been afraid.

For long months he had fought against his cowardice, but every now and then it would spring up and confront him like a haunting demon. Helen Whiting had seen that football game and had been present more than once under similar circumstances and Harvey knew or half suspected that this was her reason for putting off her answer.

"A coward," he murmured wistfully. "It seems as if I could have conquered by this time. God knows I've tried hard and long enough," he said, with bitterness; and then added—almost fiercely,—“and if I haven't yet, I will! I will!”

Then he put out the light and went to bed.

(To be continued.)

A MAN AMONG MEN

The great orator was concluding. As he looked on the upturned faces of the graduating class, a pity came over him,—a yearning to show them the way,—to point out the landmarks of a successful life. But he knew that he could not do this. Each one must learn by experience. His parting words were burning ones.

"It is not for me to tell you what you should or should not do. Let each one judge for himself. But it is necessary, once you have set a standard never to relax one inch from it. Find an ideal, and, throughout life, strive to attain it. Do not fear that it will never be attained, if it is the right kind of an ideal. You must, to your last hour, work

for it. If ever you turn to view with satisfaction your past, you must begin again. A man truly great dies with his eyes fixed on that distant point, which he has earnestly tried to attain.

I do not prophesy for you great success, as the word is often used. Few of you, by steadily following an honest ambition, will ever become famous. Nor do I prophesy peace and contentment during the closing hours of life. But I promise the honest satisfaction of something worth while, nobly worked for, perhaps mingled with the bitter regret of dying with your object unattained.

Without doubt, the words had made a great impression on the young men to whom he spoke. More than one would carry the memory of that speech to his dying day. But Robert Clinton was especially moved. He, too, had great ideals,—great ambitions. The one thing in which he was most interested was social and political reform. Then and there he determined to dedicate his life to this great work.

* * * *

Five years later Clinton was a brilliant, rising young lawyer. He spent a great deal of his time 'slumming' in the lower end of the city, and he used a big part of his already large income in bettering conditions in filthy tenements. His work in his profession was brilliant and his income large. Many a poor man,—about to lose his all to thieving 'loan sharks,' found in Clinton a ready and useful helper in the law-courts.

The next year he was persuaded to be a candidate for the state legislature, on a reform ticket. A long and bitter campaign was waged in which attacks and accusations were exchanged. Clinton's opponent was a part owner of a large cotton mill in which the conditions among the

laborers were very bad. It was this point especially which Clinton attacked. The manufacturer replied that no mill could be run better with any profit. So the campaign went on.

Clinton undoubtedly expected to win, but he was not daunted when he was defeated by a small margin. He had with the help of several interested men, bought a factory, and he proceeded to show that a model mill *could* be profitable. The experiment was a great success. And the following year he was elected to the legislature.

People who had called him a socialist now awoke to the fact that he was a powerful, brilliant, honest, young man. He had also become wealthy, in spite of the great amount of social reform he was doing. He was the idol of the mill hands, and he now became the admired and liked of the rich and influential people. Some newspapers spoke of him as a 'social favorite.'

Then came the panic. Money was tight everywhere. Clinton spent a prodigious amount to relieve suffering in the slums, but found himself so tied down by his work and his social obligations, that he was unable to do personally many of the things which he had done before. For several months now he had turned over the mill to his superintendent; now he felt compelled to lower the wages of the workmen considerably.

The panic went on. Strikes and riots were becoming daily occurrences now. Clinton was no longer able to send in the money for relief work. All his attention was concentrated on saving himself from financial ruin. He again cut the wages of the mill hands.

All over the city anarchists were inciting the foreign element to riot. Then, one night, the big Atlas shops were set on fire. The day after, Clinton was forced to close his mill.

That night the telephone bell rang. His own mills were burning and the mob in the streets would allow no one to try to check the fire. Robert Clinton was bankrupt.

Then for the first time the words which had once been burned on his brain came back to him: "If you ever turn to view with satisfaction your past, you must begin again." That was all that was left to him, to begin again. The inspiration seized him; he saw for the first time how he had drifted away from his noble ideals and aims. He had learned his lesson, but what a bitter one. Was it worth while? Power, wealth, fame,—all that ambition could desire, had been swept away; and only the knowledge that he had been wrong remained. Was it worth while? He laughed mirthlessly. It was!

That night Robert Clinton disappeared from the circles which had known him. Next day he might be seen addressing an angry crowd. He was in workingman's dress, wearing no trace of his former condition. He was begging the mob to be moderate. Shouts of derision and hisses were heard on all sides, but under his earnest pleading and forceful arguments, the crowd dispersed.

For two weeks Clinton toiled as he had toiled once before, but this time his work was harder. Daily he dispersed angry mobs. The anarchists hated him—but once more the people learned to love him. He could do little to relieve them now, for he was almost as poor as they, but his work and his interest endeared him to all.

The panic went on. A veritable reign of terror seemed to have set in. Famine was coming on. Everybody was out of work. The crowds were quieted with more and more difficulty, and sometimes not at all. Clinton was desperate.

The night the Piedmont Mills

shut down, a huge mob gathered in the square, firebrands and weapons in their hands. Rioters and anarchists addressed them until their blood was on fire. Eyes burned in the emaciated bodies. With shouts they started toward the mills. Clinton leaped out in front of them. To appeal to their reason was useless. He appealed to their thoughts of home, the hungry wives and children, whom they were menacing by throwing themselves on armed guards and police. For a moment the frenzied mass hesitated in spite of the urgings of their leaders behind. The wildly-gesticulatively, pleading man ahead had stopped them for a moment. Then a shot rang out, and the mob, with a muffled roar, swept on.

The city had killed him whom it loved.

A man lay dying in a free ward of the city hospital. He slowly came to consciousness. "Did I stop them?" he asked. The intern shook his head. "Ah" whispered the other, "the people,—the poor people. And I didn't—live—to—to—" The voice trailed off; but bitter disappointment was in his eyes.

On a plain stone in one of the cemeteries of a large city is the inscription—

ROBERT CLINTON

1879—1907

HE DIED FOR AN IDEAL

THE RISE OF A CAPTAIN

Marlin had entered the Academy from some western high school during his lower middle year, but his entrance had caused little excitement. Very little attention was paid to any of the new fellows unless they looked like good football material or had a big "rep" in some other sport. Marlin had none of these advantages which help a new fellow along so much, when he enters a strange school. He was a tall, rather

slender fellow, with brown hair and pleasant blue eyes. He did not have the build of an athlete; consequently no one came up to him with a hearty slap on the back and a pleasant "Hello new 'un, My name's Smith. What's yours?" He inquired his way to the principal's office and was assigned his room, unpacked his belongings, which were inspected by the few fellows to whom he had been introduced and who, not finding them especially attractive, soon drifted off to greet returning friends.

His reception by the fellows on the first day was characteristic of their attitude toward him from then on. Very seldom was it that the boys bothered themselves about him, unless it was to borrow something, or get help on their lessons. He was never invited to take part in any of the little parties or feeds which the fellows held from time to time; and, while he said nothing, these little slights hurt him deeply and made him keep more and more to himself. As far as marks went, his first year in school was a success; but marks are not the only things that count.

He spent the summer vacation in his western home and there, at the advice of a college track man who was practicing during the summer, he took up running. He kept at it all summer, and, although he was unaware of the fact, he improved wonderfully. So thoroughly had his idea of his own unimportance sunk in, that when he beat his college friend in a half mile run the day before he started East, he thought nothing of it.

Marlin's friend had found out a lot about the boy's school life and had suspected a lot more. He said nothing, however, for he thought that when he, the fastest runner in his college had been beaten by a mere schoolboy, most certainly that schoolboy could not long remain in

obscurity, and his success would be all the more pleasant because of its surprise.

When Marlin returned to school he discontinued his running for a while but soon took it up again for exercise. The fellows soon got used to seeing him appear in running clothes and start off across country, to return a couple of hours later. Few said anything about him, and those who did laughed; for the school made Track one of its major sports. Few schools there were indeed that turned out a better track team. The idea of going out for the team never occurred to Marlin, and, although he often came across the squad, he took pains to avoid them.

His college friend often wondered why he said nothing in his letters of the track work, but it was not until he chanced to see a write-up of the team in a Boston paper that the true state of affairs dawned on him. He immediately wrote a letter to the Academy coach, telling him of the school's treatment of Marlin, and of the fellow's true worth and ability and finally,—of that last day's run. The coach was surprised when he read the letter for he had noticed Marlin when out with his team of stars, and had smiled at the contrast between him and that team of stars—a contrast which did Marlin's ability scant justice.

The coach himself was a runner, so that afternoon he asked Marlin to run with him. Marlin was terribly embarrassed at first; but when they reached the open country and running stopped conversation, he became more at ease. On the return, the coach, intending to find out what Marlin had in him, set a faster pace. The lad accepted the increase in speed and to the coach's surprise held it. Marlin from force of habit was speeding up his finish, so engrossed was he in his running that he failed to notice how little by lit-

tle his comrade was falling behind. The coach was doing his best, but the pace was too hot. He could not keep it up; and when they came in sight of the campus, he was a good hundred yards behind. It was a queer sight that met the track squad's eyes as they returned from practice. There, a short distance from the gym, was the "duffer" Marlin coming like a streak and behind him, still losing, was their fast coach.

"What has happened? Where has he been?" A dozen tongues framed the questions but his only response was an order to take a shower and report in his room in fifteen minutes. When their shower was over, they straggled in by twos and threes until the room was full. Then the coach told the story of the afternoon's run; he read the college man's letter; and finished by saying, "He beat me fairly and squarely just as he beat the fastest man in the West, and as he is going to beat every one of you. If I can get him out for the team, just give him a square deal. That's all, fellows."

The man in the west smiled as he read the newspaper accounts of this record smashing youngster; he grinned as he read the letter from the coach telling of his race and of the fellow's reception of Marlin; and when he got a letter from the boy, telling of the prizes he had won, of his schoolboy friends, of their interests and escapades, he laughed, and thought to himself, "I told you so."

When the track season was over and the victorious team was given a banquet, the cheer that greeted Marlin's name was as loud as that which was given the captain. After the banquet, the team remained to choose their next captain. The graduating captain arose and spoke. He told them of a certain fellow's entrance at the school the year before, of the school's reception of him, and of the

(Continued on page 24)



The Archon

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The circulation of THE ARCHON is 1000 copies, each issue.

The readers and subscribers of this paper will be doing it a favor if they will patronize its advertisers and mention the fact that they saw the advertisement in THE ARCHON,

Because of the small number of stories which have been handed in, the ARCHON decided to run a story contest this month and see if this would not start up some interest in the literary part of the magazine. The winner of this contest will receive an appropriate book. The judges of the stories have been Mrs. Degen, Dr. Ingham and Mr. Tobin. The prize story may be found on other pages of this issue. Although the stories handed in this month, were a decided improvement, both in quality and quantity, we must not stop here. Next month let them be even better and more numerous.

* * * *

On another page of this copy you will find printed the letter which was received a short time ago from Mariano Viamonte y Fernandez, who was a former student at Dummer.

It is needless to say that his offer to send us some articles on Mexico is most heartily appreciated. We are expecting his first contribution any day now, but because of the Mexican situation, we may have to wait some little time.

We only hope that this may encourage other former students along this line.

* * * *

After careful consideration the judges in this month's literary contest have awarded the prize to Perci-
(Continued on page 22)



BASKET BALL.

Dummer 2, Gloucester, 0.

Dummer was awarded the decision by forfeit, over Gloucester High School. The first period ended with Gloucester leading, 14-8. At the beginning of the second period Mitchell of Gloucester was badly hurt and had to be carried from the floor. Hopkins, one of the visitor's backs, kept repeatedly holding Poto,—in fact this seemed to be his game. His sole object was to keep Poto from scoring and he did this splendidly, but not without foul means. He was warned by the referee to stop holding and had had several fouls called on him, but he would not heed the referee's warning, and, as a result, was told to leave the floor. As Gloucester did not have another man to put in his place it was impossible to continue with only four men, but the referee said that he would permit Hopkins to play if for every foul he made thereafter he would allow two called on him. The other Gloucester boys were willing to continue, but Hopkins refused to go on the floor, whereupon, the referee awarded the game to Dummer. The Gloucester boys were entertained at supper by the Dummer students and were treated with great respect, but it seemed that they did not appreciate it very much. Young and Yesair starred for Dummer, and Andrews and Crowell played best for the visitors.

The summary:

Dummer	Gloucester.
Poto, r. f.	l. b., Hopkins
Yesair, l. f.	r. b., Murphy
Holden, c.	c., Mitchell
Rowe, c.	c., Parkhurst
Young, r. b.	l. f., Andrews
De Rosay, l. b.	r. f., Crowell

Score: Dummer 2, Gloucester 0. Goals from floor; Young 4, Yesair, Rowe, Poto, Crowell 2; Andrews 3; Mitchell, Murphy. Goals from fouls; Andrews 5, Poto 4. Referee Jenkins. Time 15 and 20 minute periods.

Dummer 31, Haverhill 20.

For the first time in several years Dummer defeated Haverhill High School. It was a hard fought game, and the Dummer boys played so well that every one on the team deserves much credit. For many years we have not been given a chance to get Haverhill on our floor, and having been given the chance, we very neatly turned the tables on them. It will not do to give more credit to any one individual on the team, as they all worked together like a clock, and all had for their aim one purpose; namely to crush Haverhill High School. We may, however, on second thought, give a little more credit to "Bill" Senior. This was "Bill's" first game and he was pitted against Hodgson, Haverhill's best player. "Bill" succeeded in holding his man so that he was not able to get a single basket while he himself "caged" the ball twice. Poto was the largest point scorer for Dummer, getting 5 baskets, while Moore excelled for Haverhill with 5 baskets to his credit. As Haverhill has visions of a state championship, she surely must change her mind.

The summary:

Dummer	Haverhill
Poto, r. f.	l. b., Green
Young, l. f.	r. b., Sawyer
Rowe, c.	c. Moore
Senior, r. b.	l. f. Hodgson
Yesair, l. b.	r. f., Rice

Score: Dummer 31, Haverhill 20. Goals from floor, Poto 5, Rowe 3. Yesair 2, Senior 2, Young 2, Moore

5, Green 4, Rice. Goals from fouls, Poto 3, Green. Time 15 and 20 minute periods. Referee Sullivan. Salem High School. Umpire Jenkins, Dartmouth.

M. I. T. 51,

Dummer 23.

For the first time in two years Dummer was beaten on its own floor. It took the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Freshmen five to do the trick, and they did it rather neatly. Dummer was not fully recovered from the effects of the Haverhill game, which took place only two days before. We are not trying to make any excuses; we were beaten by a team which was better developed. We did our best: we could do no more.

The M. I. T. boys were all good players and played a sort of college style which was too much for Dummer. It took all that Dummer had to hold them down to that score, but we can say that the game was one of the cleanest ever witnessed here. Every now and then Dummer showed signs of coming back, but Tech soon came back stronger. Rausch played a very clever game, shooting basket after basket with Capt. Yesair always hanging on his back. Richardson and Gokey showed that they were familiar with the art of shooting baskets, getting six each. For Dummer, Poto and Young were the point-scorers, each getting four baskets.

The summary:

M. I. T.

Dummer

Getchell, l. f. r. f., Poto
O'Brien, r. f. l. f., Young
Gokey, c. c., Holden, Rowe
Richardson, l. b. r. b., Senior
Rausch, r. b., l. b., Yesair

Score: M. I. T. '17, 51, Dummer 23. Baskets from floor; Rausch 9, Richardson 6, Gokey 6, Getchell 3, O'Brien, Poto 4, Young 4, Rowe 2,

Holden. Goals from fouls; Richardson, Yesair. Time 15 and 20 minute periods.

Portsmouth 30,

Dummer 16.

Dummer suffered the second defeat in two years on her home floor when the Winehassa Big Five, a team composed chiefly of Portsmouth High School boys, very handily carried away the honors by a 30-16 score. The Portsmouth backs played a very good game and never once were the Dummer backs able to get away from them. All the Portsmouth boys played well, and we cannot say too much for them. For Dummer, Rowe played well, in spite of the fact that he had a swollen toe. Poto was able to play only part of the game, because of a sore throat. Young was hurt so that he was unable to resume play. At present the team is in a very bad condition, as practically every single player is "laid up".

The summary:

Dummer

Portsmouth

Poto, DeRosay, r. f. . l. b. Mugridge
Young, Holden, l. f. . . r. b., Murch
Rowe, c. c., Sanderson
Senior, r. b., l. f. Badger
Yesair, l. b. r. f., Brackett

Score: Portsmouth 30, Dummer 16. Goals from floor: Brackett 3. Badger 2, Sanderson 4. Mugridge. Murch 5. Young 3, Rowe 3. Yesair. ReRosay. Time: Two fifteen minute periods.

A. L. P. '14.

TRACK.

Last year was the first time Dummer has been represented in track for some time. This year, as soon as we got back from Christmas vacation, Trainer Goodwin called for candidates for the track team. At once a good number of fellows made
(Continued on page 20)



On February 6, the second entertainment for the Athletic Association was held. The Double Quartette from Boston University Glee Club, accompanied by Mr. J. Paul Foster, reader, gave us a short, but exceedingly good, program. The night was terribly stormy and the large attendance was certainly good to see. As these entertainments go on, the interest becomes keener than ever. The third entertainment of the course comes on February 27, when Professor Harrison W. Smith of Massachusetts Institute of Technology comes to lecture on "The Head Hunting Tribes of Borneo." Professor Smith brings with him one hundred colored slides, which he took while he was living among these tribes.

The recent cold weather has made getting up in the morning a task fit for the immortal gods, in the minds of many of the fellows. With the thermometer down to sixteen degrees below zero and the steam at 6.45 A. M. somewhere on the way, all records for dressing were broken.

On Saturday, February 14 (Valentine Day), Dummer was enveloped in one of the worst storms of the year. All the cars were blocked, there being two snow plows and one

car stuck here at Dummer. The men who were running the plows had luncheon and dinner with us Saturday, and breakfast Sunday morning. It was, however, two o'clock Sunday afternoon before the lines to Haverhill and Ipswich were opened, while the line to Newburyport remained closed until late the following Monday. We are glad that this storm did not come a week later, as the Washington's Birthday dance, which came on the evening of the twenty-first, would have suffered immensely. This dance was run by Messrs. Ramsden and "Nat" Goodwin. It was a gala affair, and the committee realized their hopes that it would rival any dance ever held at Dummer.

The Senior class of 1914 has recently been organized. The class elected Paul G. DeRosay as president and Marston ("Cy") Young secretary and treasurer. The class voted to have class pins, which under no circumstance could be given away, and to have as class colors, purple and gold.

It is hoped that the other classes will follow the example of the class of 1914 and get together. We need more class spirit. Some of the happiest days of our lives are being spent here and we surely need something to look back upon.

On the evening of February 17th, Mr. Ramsden, accompanied by Tapley, Young, Dowling, DeRosay, Havlin and Bushnell, took the trolleys to Georgetown. From here they snow-shoed up to Bald Pate Inn. After eating a turkey supper the fellows danced and enjoyed themselves to their utmost. Sliding was also a big feature, and the boys returned, late but happy.

Since the last issue of the "ARCHON" two new house students have joined us. They are Morris G. Hammond and Richard B. Spaulding, both of Rutland, Vermont. In behalf of the school we extend a hearty welcome to them.

During the recent trials for the prize speaking contest among those who showed up well were De Rosay, Coulter, Mann and Poto.

On the evening of February nineteenth a pleasing entertainment was given in the gymnasium, for the benefit of the Women's Benevolent Society of Byfield Parish. Miss Ruth Helen Brierly gave the following readings:—

Poem: "The Pied Piper of Hamelin, *Browning*

Story: Marie, *Laura Richards*

Story: Disciplinina Macgregor,

J. J. Bell

Story: The Dancing Party, *Dickens*

Play: A Court Comedy,

Marjorie Cook

Miss Brierly is a charming reader, and was much appreciated.

(From an old Dummer boy.)

San Angel Inn, San Angel, D. F.

January 10th, 1914.

Mr. Paul G. DeRosay,
Editor-in-Chief "The Archon."

Dummer Academy,
South Byfield, Mass.

Dear Sir:—

A few days ago, upon my return from Sonora, I was favored with the

first number of "The Archon," published in the interests of the students of that, to me, dear Academy. I was surprised to hear after a long silence of six years, some news regarding the places where I spent the best years of my life, and of which I have only pleasant recollections. Of course, as time has passed, everything has changed, and going through the list of new students I was unable to find a name familiar to me; as to the few teachers mentioned in your paper, none is known. It will be of some interest to you, Mr. DeRosay, to know that when I was a Dummer student in 1906-7 there were eight Mexican boys, while now I note there is only one; this will prove the bad situation of my poor country, which is enduring a fierce civil war.

I find "The Archon" a very nice, well published little paper, and if possible I would like to co-operate with you, sending some articles regarding Mexico, so that the students of Dummer could have a real idea of what Mexico is, not only in its financial and economical standpoint, but in its great resources. For your Ancient History Class I can send you some articles in regard to the Yaqui, Maya, Aztec, Toltec and several other races of Indians who form a great part of ancient America. As the views of Dummer are not commercial this, I believe, would interest you more than the commercial view of my rich country, that at present has become by a few traitors, a miserable place. Nevertheless, Mr. DeRosay, you can give me your ideas of what you think is best, and on what I can help you, and I am willing to do it, so as to tighten the relations between United States and Mexico in the educational way, as it is very common that in your country they think we are not civilized and yet wear feathers! I will send some postcards so as to illustrate the

places if you deem it necessary, and I hope that my efforts will benefit your schoolmates, as the education that was imparted to me in the States benefited me, making me a man.

Awaiting your commands, I am,
yours very truly,

M. Viamonte y Fernandez.

P. S. I am issuing orders to a New York house to send you the price of my subscription, please advise me when received. Thanks.

Do not forget to send me the papers number 2 and 3, if published.
Viamonte.

OUR COLUMN ON LOVE AND SENTIMENT

Conducted by Miss Beaumont.

Dear Miss Beaumont:—

I am a young man deeply in love with a girl two years younger than I am. I have recently cut another fellow out, but the girl won't tell me definitely whether she had rather have me or the other man calling on her. Will you please give me some advice on this subject.

A. C. H.

My Dear A. C. H.:—

I advise you to buy her a five pound box of Page and Shaw's candy and present it to her. When you two have eaten half the candy, ask her the question you are desirous of knowing, and undoubtedly she will tell you. Don't be at all bashful!

Miss Beaumont.

My dear Miss Beaumont:—

I am in love with a very nice girl and from all appearances she cares a lot for me. I have been going with her for some time and we have always enjoyed each others company. What I want to know is, if this acquaintance keeps up do you think it best for me to marry her?

P. B. M.

My dear P. B. M.:—

Do not think ahead too much; just enjoy yourself now and let time look after the marriage question.

Miss Beaumont.

Dear Miss Beaumont:—

I have written several letters to a certain girl and have not received an answer to any of them. What do you make of this.

P. E. M.

My dear P. E. M.:—

If you are fond of writing you might send a letter to her at least once a day. She is probably very glad to hear from you by the number of answers you say you get in return for she probably thinks you will write until you get an answer. Why don't you buy her some good book, that you know will interest her, such as Robinson Crusoe? Just keep up the good work and maybe you will get an answer.

Miss Beaumont.

Dear Miss Beaumont:—

I am writing to you hoping, that the advice you can give me will ease my mind. I have taken a girl to several dances and have been with her for fifteen mintes at a time on some afternoons that I have been able to leave my school work. Lately I have heard that another fellow has been seen talking to her a number of times, and I have also heard that he has written a letter to her. What shall I do?

S. S.

My dear S. S.:—

Just invite her to all the dances you can, and in this way you will become her preference. Don't cause any more worry for yourself than you can comfortably enjoy, because serious headaches often arise from so doing. Never mind the other fellow: look out for yourself.

Miss Beaumont.

DUMMER DIRECTORY

Main Entrance. He who enters here leaves hope (and smokes) behind.

Mansion House. Here abides "The Man of the Hour."

Commons.

Lounging room—A place where Marr makes other people miserable, with the piano.

Office—Beware! It's a dangerous place.

Dining Room—A place to separate our stomachs from our backbones.

Dormitory—A quiet place after 10 P. M., except when Deac Coleman commences his nightly serenade of snores.

Gymnasium. A place to deposit your superfluous activity and where Marr & Havlin will fight their duel, to determine who shall win *the* girl.

Pierce Cottage. The cradle of Dummer Academy. Note—Please walk lightly on entering this building, as it is very likely that Mr. Ramsden is asleep.

Parson's Schoolhouse. Only a minor building in which we tell the faculty what we know. It takes five hours each day to do this.

Mason Cottage. A new building recently built and occupied by our Recorder and family.

Farm House.

(Last Fall)—A was to be!

(Now)—A has been!

Chapel. Temporary school house for the infants.

Wipe your feet before entering.

Engine Room. A building where Goodwin makes light of the Academy.

For further information ask Poto. He can explain about the Academy, as he saw it in the day of Governor Dummer.

ATHLETICS

(Continued from page 16)

an appearance. For a week or more the fellows practiced starts and long out door runs. Then Coleman was elected captain of the team and a relay was picked composed of Kramer, Miller, Coleman and J. Yesair. When winter settled down on us and the boys were not able to run out of doors they were forced to confine their practice to our small gymnasium.

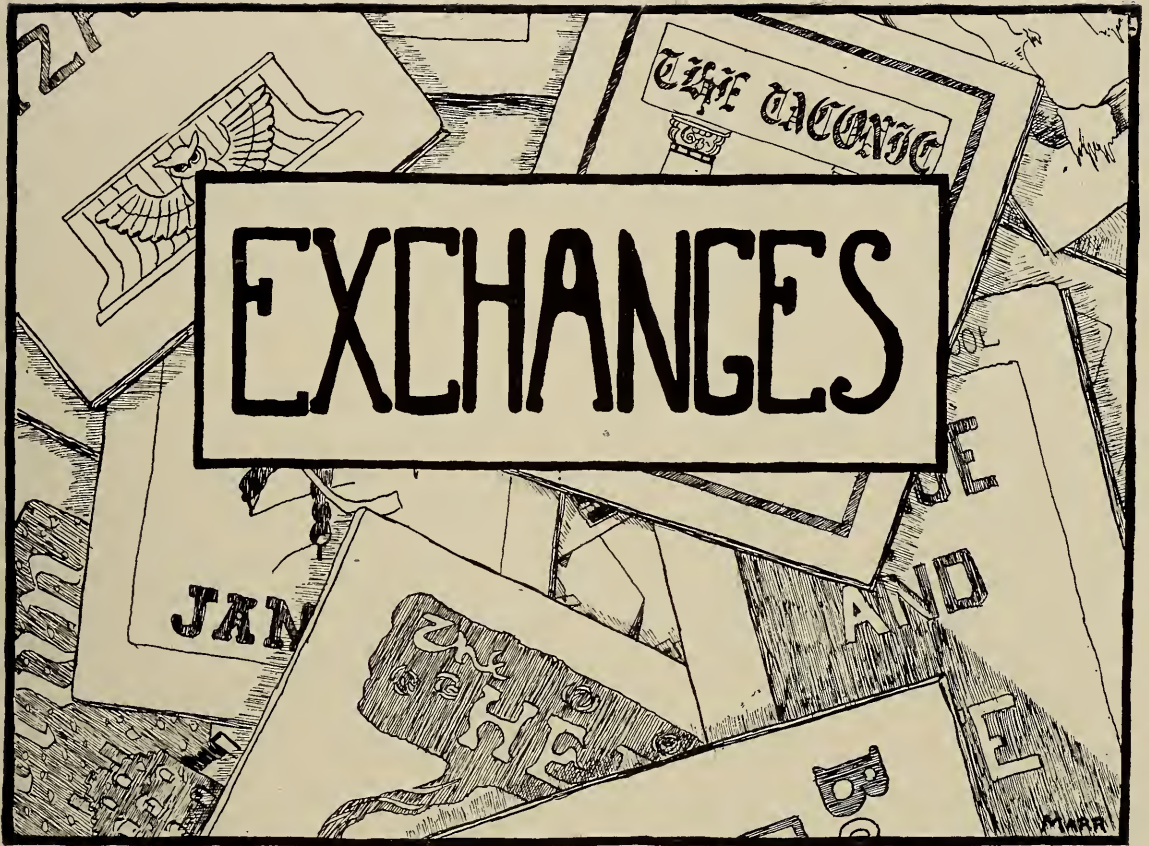
The squad has since been increased in size and the high jumpers and weight throwers are now hard at it. Those out for the running events are Miller, Kramer, Chandler, Yesair, Baker, De Rosay, Tapley, Towne and Capt. Coleman. In the weights are Pearson, Yesair and Fitzgerald, while in the jumping events Howe, Yesair, Miller and Coleman are coming along in good style.

A relay team ran in the B. A. A. meet held in Mechanics Hall, Boston, on February 28th. An effort is now being made to enter a meet with Haverhill High and Newburyport High, which is to be held sometime this month.

Our gym is so small and having no raised corners, the team has a hard time in practicing when it is prevented from going out of doors by snow and ice.

As soon as good weather comes a meet is to be held among the fellows here at Dummer and prizes are to be awarded the man who gets the most points. The prizes are to be presented by Mr. Benjamin Pearson, of Byfield.

The team is greatly in need of an out door board track. Such a track could be easily built for \$150. Although this is not a large sum our athletic association is small. So everybody get busy and root for the track team.



Now that the executive boards of most of the school papers have got the hang of their work, the papers are improving wonderfully in nearly every respect. The stories in the literary departments are becoming more and more interesting; the athletic write-ups are taking better form; and the jokes are getting more plentiful and snappy. There is, however, a great deal of room for improvement in most of the Exchange columns. About half of the editors have their list of Exchanges arranged in alphabetical order. It may not matter much to the majority of readers whether they are mixed up or not, but it does to the ex-editors. There is also the deplorable custom of many school papers of filling their exchange column with second hand jokes. A good joke now and then may well be copied, but a whole column of them, issue after issue, is a sign of weakness on the part of the editors. Surely there are enough good points to commend and enough weak ones to point out in the exchanges a paper receives to fill

the small space allotted to exchanges.

It would be a great convenience to the exchange editors as well as to the readers in general, if more papers would have their addresses on the cover or in some place where it can be found more readily, about the only place some of them can be found is in their advertisements.

Last month we sent out to various schools over a hundred ARCHONS and in return have received about a quarter of that number. It would be an addition to our reading table as well as to our exchange column if more papers would return the compliment.

The following Exchanges have been received this month and may be found on the Commons Room reading table.

The Academic Observer, Utica, N. Y.; The Advocate, New Brunswick, N. D.; The Blue and White, Tamaqua, Pa.; The Comet, West Pittston, P. A.; The Crescent, Newberg, Ore.; The College Signal, Amherst, Mass.; The Echo, Oneonta, N. Y.; The Eltrurian, Haverhill, Mass.;

The Blue and Grey, Roland Park, Md.; The Dinosaur, Laramie, Wyoming; The Habit, Salina, Kansas; The High School Herald, Westfield, Mass.; The High School Critic, Beacon, N. Y.; The High School Bulletin, Pittsburgh, Pa.; The Hilltop, Jersey City, N. J.; The Orange, White Plains, N. Y.; The Mirror, Sharon, Pa.; The Purple Penant, Courtland, N. Y.; The Pickett, Shepherdstown, W. Pa.; The Phillipian, Andover, Mass.; The Radmorite, Wayne, Pa.; Res Academa, Wilkes Barre, Pa.; The Senior, Westerly, R. I.; The Taconic, Williamstown, Mass.; The School Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.; News, East Orange, Mass.

Cloyne Magazine. You have an attractive cover design and excellent school notes. Some original stories by your students would add a great deal to your paper.

The Radmorite. Your material is very good but poorly arranged. If you would adopt a table of contents and a methodical arrangement, it would work wonders for your paper.

The Herald. You have a paper far above the average. Your cover design is attractive, and your fiction department is especially good.

Habit. Your idea of a faculty number is original as well as interesting.

The Booster. We wish we had a few more papers as excellent as yours to boost our exchange list.

The Eltrurian. Your paper is in every way a credit to your school. It was a good plan to have the picture of the football team loose instead of pasted in.

News, East Orange, Mass. Your editorial staff seems to be right on the job. Your story "The Phantom Ghost" is very clever, but is it original? Haven't we seen the plot of it somewhere else? Why have you no column of athletic notes?

G. D. C., '14.

EDITORIALS

(Continued from page 14)

val E. Marr, for his "Old Saybrook." This story seems to comply most closely with the standard of the modern short story,—both in form and plot. There was considerable difficulty in awarding the prize, as several stories were very well written; particularly,—"The Coward," by De Rosay; "A Man Among Men," by Coulter; and "The Rise of a Captain," by Chandler.

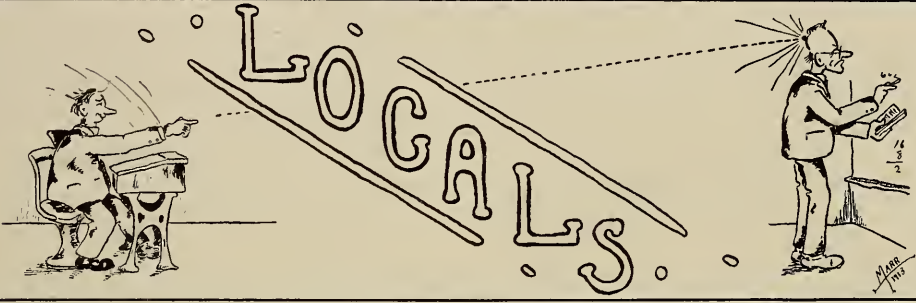
* * * *

We know the whole school joins us when we say that we are more than glad for Doctor Ingham's speedy recovery from the severe strain which he received when he slipped, while bowling, on the evening of Feb. 12. The loud clapping and cheering which greeted him on the first day on which he was able to be at school are more than ample testimonials to this feeling.

* * * *

We are glad to have Mr. Farrell back at school once more after his two week's sickness. It was thought for a time that he had bronchial pneumonia, but it turned out to be "Grippe."

Mr. Ramsden was also laid up for a time with a cold, but fortunately was able to be about in two or three days.



Tapley—"Slip, have you a compass?"

Miller—"No. What do you think I am, a sailor?"

Chandler—"You goin' to try out to pitch, Derderian?"

Derderian—"I guess so."

Senior—"Aw, go on, you couldn't pitch hay!"

Mr. Tobin—"When is Saint Nicholas' Day?"

Lawyer—"Saint Patrick's Day."

Mr. Buckley meets Mr. Crowley who is smoking some fine tobacco.

"Hey, Mr. Crowley, give us a match."

Mr. Crowley hands over the match.

Mr. Buckley—"I guess I left all my tobacco at home."

Mr. Crowley—"Well, then give me back my match, you don't need it."

Flanders—"I can do the cake-walk now. You see, it was this way: 'Spud' dropped his cake last night and when I went out, I walked on it."

De Rosay, to Mr. Ramsden—"Po-to did write the Lord's prayer on the back of a postage stamp."

Mr. Ramsden—"Oh, that's nothing, I saw it written twice on the point of a pen!"

Tony—"Well, they had to have a special pen, didn't they?"

We are all sorry that Kramer has his streaks of love whenever any girl visits some relative in this school. Almost invariably he will not eat his meals, but instead, he

goes to his room, locks the door, shuts the windows, pulls down the shades, and then prepares for bed. The next we know, "He's sick!"

Mr. Bentley, visiting the rooms in Pierce Cottage one night, dropped into Flander's room, and got his eye on an induction coil. After thoroughly inspecting it, he looked up, saying, "Really, this is quite a shocking affair!"

Two cats, belonging at the Commons, yowled for some time under Flander's window one night. Finally, unable to stand it any longer he got up, grabbed the alarm clock from the bureau, and hurled it out of the window at them.

Strange to say, when he threw it, the clock struck one!

Mr. Ramsden—"What does Calcium Carbonate look like?"

Towne—"Calcium Carbonate looks like little pieces."

Mr. Tobin—"Howe, what is wrong with the expression—'The hot box was nipped in the bud'?"

Howe—(thinking hard)—"Ah-h-h, frozen!"

Havlin in Chemistry Class—"One gram of carborundum weighs three times as much as one gram of water."

"Come, come, ah—you fellows: let's get down to business, now. You wouldn't think of acting like this if your PROSPECTIVE mothers were here!"

Mr. Ramsden—"What's a concentrated solution, Fitzgerald?"

"Fitzy"—"A solution diluted with water!"

ON THE BAY STATE LINE.

(To the chorus of "On the Old Fall River Line.")

On the "Old South Byfield Line,"
On the "Old South Byfield Line,"
The cars are bum, the pow'r is worse,

And there's graft there all the time.
All the rails are awful rotten,
And the cars are always off 'em.

So I'd rather crawl that ride at all,
On the "Old South Byfield Line."

R. S. B., '15.

The telephone rings and DeRosay answers:—"Hello."

Voice in the phone—"Hello, Dr. Ingham is away so I called up to find out if everything is all right!"

Mr. Ramsden—"Is nitrogen lighter or heavier than air?"

Havlin—"Lighter than air."

Mr. R.—"Right."

A murmur goes around the class, which evidently disapproves.

Mr. R.—"No, you are wrong, Havlin!"

"Where else is nitrogen gas found?"

Small (hitting his head)—"In beans."

Query—"What is the difference between Reading and Rochester?"

A year or so ago this could have been solved by examining Mr. Jenkins' mileage book. No more!

At the minstrel show, Small will sing his new masterpiece, a solo, entitled: "It's Only a Nickel to Newburyport, but Doc' Says I Can't Come In!"

In the Chemistry class—"Who first discovered oxygen?"

Coleman—"Oxygen was first prepared by Joseph Priestley on August first, 1774."

Millar—"Yah! Two o'clock."

What did De Rosay do when Noah died?

Why, he just ran the Arch-on without him.

Mr. Tobin—"Maccabe, don't waste you time!"

Maccabe—"I'm not wasting my time, sir."

Mr. Tobin—"When you're watching me you are."

Mr. Tobin—"What does A. D. mean?"

Coleman—"Before Christ."

Voice—"After dark."

Poto—(picking up a geranium from window-sill)—"I guess I'll take this up to our room, Spud."

Spud—"Oh, don't. There's enough green stuff up there already."

"There was a bloomin' sparrow,
Flew up a bloomin' spout,
The bloomin' rain came pourin'
down

And washed the beggar out.

And then the bloomin' sun came out,
And dried the bloomin' rain,
And then that bloody, bloomin' sparrow

Flew up the spout again."

G. B. G.

Mrs. Ingham to Small—"I saw your girl in town today and she looked very beautiful."

Says "Itch"—"Thanks for the compliment!"

Dr. Ingham—"Decline *domum*, Maccabe."

"Mac"—"Domum, domas—no I mean domo—"

Dr. Ingham—"I guess that's right."

THE RISE OF A CAPTAIN

(Continued from page 13)

fellow himself, his record, and the good he had done the school. He ended by saying. "Now fellows, if you feel at all the way I do, you'll get on your feet without stopping to vote and yell for your next year's captain."

And they did.



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